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Riding with Owen Roe.

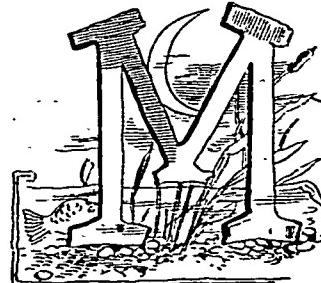
THE tread of horse, jangle of chain,
Boom of surf and splash of rain,
Clank of axe on saddle bow,
Chant of clansmen chiming low,
Creak of mail and laugh of men,
Wind-tossed, swept up the cloud-drenched glen.
With shield on shoulder in the van
The Prince rode lone; and all the clan
Watched his mist-wet basnet-plume
Flash and fade in gleam and gloom.
"At guard!" his cry. Three arrows sing
Above his head on gray goose wing.
Then down the pass with ringing cheers
Thundering swoop the English spears.
A moment's space we feel each girth,
And our neighing destriers paw the earth,
While battle-rage turns faces white.
"Thank God," we say, "Who sends this fight!"
The shields swing round; bowed lances gleam,
The world grows dim in our dear war-dream,
But the Red Prince laughs and cries at last:
"Out axes, lads, our ravens fast!"—
One plunge of horse, a hollow roar
Of trampling hoofs, like a mid-march shore
When the mad sea rides up a quivering land,
We charge for Home and the Red Right Hand.
Thud! go our axes on English skulls,
Keen clang their blades as our battle hulls,
Crack of their spear-hafts, blood-spurt's splash,
Long scream of stallions, the mace's crash;
"George for England!" the Outlanders cry
And they fight like men and like men they die;
"God for Ireland and Owen Roe!"
And our red hoofs grind the fallen foe.
Fixed maddened eyes over shield-rims glare,
Clamour the brazen trumpets ablare,
Rattle of short bolt and blood-drunken shriek,
Sway and swirl of axes that reek.
But lo! our dead 'neath the horses' feet!
Now God shield the men our axes meet.
Without the road, a gulch's maw
Yawning sheer a hundred feet he saw,
Just where we met, and the Red Prince cried:
"Cut 'twixt the dogs and the mountain side,

And push them over the precipice!"
Then the English swords bite swift and hiss,
Our smoking axes crunch and whirl,
And through their lines our van we hurl.
"Out! out! for our dead!" our dull hoarse call,
We turn as one from the inner wall;
Then staggering strain, and warning shout
From the foe; our frenzied horse win out,
Win out, and over the English go,
Awhirl to the hell of crags below.
"Up farther still! Another swath!"
And our men behind mow a second path.
But the English falter, they wheel about,
They flee up the hills in straggling rout.—
We aided the hurt, and lifted men
That never would swing an axe again,
And our souls laughed long though brothers lay dead
(We weep for men who die abed).
Our Lady be praised that helped us win,
Give thou full rest to all our kin,
And grant unto us, for loving trust,
To fall ere age turns mail arust.

A. O'M.

The Antiquities of Mexico.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.



UCH has been said and written about the mysterious and, to some extent, marvellous races which ruled over Mexico for many centuries previous to the year 1519, and whose empire at the time of the Spanish Conquest extended from ocean to ocean. Even now we pause in admiration when we consider the wonders wrought by a race entirely isolated from any exterior civilization and which was harassed by continual wars. If we are to believe eye-witnesses, the ancient city of Mexico presented a rare sight. The Spaniards were

amazed when they viewed that wonder of the New World, and Cortez himself is said to have written to Charles V. that its equal was nowhere to be found even in Spain. Perhaps these accounts are exaggerated, but whether it is true or not that ancient Mexico possessed the grandeur that was attributed to her, and whether the Court of Montezuma was plunged in such extravagance as to make the Spaniards disbelieve their own eyes, certain it is that its people was far from the height of civilization one would expect from the wealth and architecture they undoubtedly acquired. Superstition permeated the entire empire, and it was the immediate reason why a nation that had subdued the entire valley of Mexico and held in its possession the richest resources in the world fell, and in a few months crumbled to nothingness under the invasion of a handful of Spanish soldiers. The city of Mexico fell when Europe was far advanced in civilization, and its rise and decadence are easily contained within the scope of modern history. And yet its past is shrouded in more mystery than that of the nations who inhabited Asia and the Valley of the Nile centuries before Christ. Mexico, with its sixteen hundred temples, is forgotten. Some of its ruins lie buried a few feet perhaps beneath the modern city; but the Capitol of the once powerful Aztec empire is completely gone, and not a monument marks the place where its vast edifices once stood.

Is it remarkable that such a grand period should serve as the background of modern novels? And we are not surprised that fiction written upon this age should thrill with all the interest of that which treats of the ancient races of Europe and Asia. Lew Wallace, in his "Fair God," has brought it nearer to us than a mere phantasy. H. Rider Haggard in "Montezuma's Daughter" has produced a work that thrills with imagery, and we wonder to realize that it is not imagination, but is founded upon facts as real as history itself. In the "Aztec Treasure House" the same interest prevails; in fact, among the novels that have been written upon the subject we can find scarcely one that will not hold a reader's attention. When we become acquainted with such works as these we are seized with a desire to learn all possible of the strange people of whom they treat and of those wonderful monuments that have long since crumbled to dust. Embellished by the hand of a skillful novelist we find them real enough, but are rather prepared to be disappointed, when we come to examine the cold facts of his-

tory upon which they are founded. But no such disappointment is in store for the student of ancient Mexico. Its history is more wonderful than fiction itself and contains an unlimited field for those who will make it a future study.

In the history of ancient Mexico we find that two principal peoples lived and flourished. The first were the Toltecs, whose period began early in the seventh and closed in the twelfth century. Of their origin we know little, but they were probably the first to bring into Mexico the germs of civilization. That they were skilled in architecture the ruins which exist in New Spain still give evidence. Though they inhabited this country for more than five centuries we know little of their government, religion or knowledge of the sciences. From what can be drawn from all available sources their systems of worship in no way resembled the barbarous forms of their successors, and their government, though mild, was none the less just than that which followed. Their departure from Mexico is as mysterious as their arrival, but in all probability they emigrated southward.

The Aztec Empire dates from the twelfth century, and continued to rise in civilization until it suddenly declined under the Spanish Invasion. They came from the North, and founded after many years of wandering the city of Tenochtitlan or Mexico. Their government is an interesting study, for though crude it contained many of the principles upon which all modern governments are formed. Justice was administered in open courts; cases were heard with great patience by tribunals appointed by the king, and decrees were rendered according to law. When we read of the great severity of their penal code we are wont to regard it as the production of a most barbarous race. That their laws were enforced by the most rigid punishment there can be no doubt; but when we recollect that the Aztecs were essentially a warlike people, we can understand that they needed severe punishments in accordance with their instincts. War and barbarism often go hand in hand, but one does not necessitate the other; and in times of peace the Aztecs gave ample evidence that they had inherited from their predecessors a love of the arts and of the elements towards a higher learning. But the general interest occasioned by the study of their administration is overshadowed when we come to consider their religion, so barbarous and sanguinary that one cannot speak of ancient Mexico without instinctively calling to mind

the thousands of victims who perished annually on the sacrificial stone as offerings to their gods.

Toatl was regarded by the Aztecs as the one invisible creator of all things, and under him were over two hundred inferior deities headed by the Mexican Mars. It was to him that the Aztecs paid their principal worship, and there was not a city in the empire but possessed a temple, generally the grandest in the vicinity, erected to his honor. All of their temples without exception were masterpieces of art and architecture. The most imposing of them were pyramidal in form, ascended by flights of winding stairs and surmounting all was the sacrificial stone to which the prisoners were carried. Of such a shape was the great temple of Mexico, which stood in the centre of the city and which, according to the best accounts, presented a sight that would be considered grand even in this age of brick and mortar. The temple was built in the centre of a large enclosed court, paved with smoothly-cut and highly-polished stones, and it was here that the sacred dances took place preliminary to the sacrificial offerings. Within this court also were about sixty other temples erected to various deities, each one of which was novel in form and architecture.

When a new king was chosen—for the government of the Aztecs was elective and their sovereign's successor was taken from among the brothers or nephews of the deceased—he made war upon the neighboring tribes to secure captives for his coronation. War and religion went hand in hand, and the bravest warrior received the highest crown of glory. And it was for reason of the sacrifices that the Aztecs always sought to capture their enemies alive. War was declared on the slightest pretext, and the king-elect immediately proceeded to invade the territory of the enemy. Needless to say wars were generally successful for the Aztecs and the number of prisoners captured was sometimes enormous. When it was deemed to be sufficiently great the king returned to the city of Mexico in triumphal procession, and for days succeeding the opening of the religious ceremonies altars throughout the country were drenched with human blood. An estimate of the number of prisoners who perished in these feasts can be drawn from the fact that there were five thousand priests in the temple of Mexico alone. Their religion was so closely connected with the state that the priests were the chief advisers of the king, and he seldom did any important

action without sitting with them in council. Even Montezuma, who was at first the most righteous and remarkable ruler that ancient Mexico ever possessed, but who in time became the most extravagant and overbearing, never threw aside their advice. When comets appeared in the sky and when other strange phenomena appeared to him to give evidence of the approaching end of his empire, and even when word was brought that the Spaniards were in the country, he sought the instruction of the priests before venturing to offer a peaceful reception.

It is at this period that the study of ancient Mexico is most interesting. It is at the same time the most trustworthy age of their history, for prior to the reign of Montezuma, documents are few, or research has not been sufficiently carried on to bring them to light. At this point, however, we encroach upon modern history, for through the close connection of the Aztecs with the early explorations in Mexico they are often regarded as a modern race. In reality however they belong to America's ancient history, for the few Aztecs who have survived until the present day possess almost none of the characteristics which belong to their predecessors. It is in their ancient state that we should study them, for antiquity is always an interesting theme. The imagination loves to wander back into past ages and dwell among peoples whose history, if they possess any, it remains for the future to unearth—nations who have left a few monuments of the learning they possessed, but whose deeds for the most part are explained by theory alone.

The Poet's Dream.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

The air in the Astronomy room was warm and close on the evening when Tides had been discussed. It had made the Bard of the Sand Hills feel dull and sleepy; but, even so, the subject had made a deep impression upon him. So in after years, when he had grown enormously rich by dispensing refreshments to the patrons of the great Indiana Ship Canal, he devoted a great deal of his spare time trying to devise a scheme to make use of the monstrous propelling power of the moon.

One evening, as he sat on the front steps of his palatial residence, watching the last rays of

the setting sun as they glimmered on the windows of Aye and Son's magnificent hotel on the opposite side of the canal, the solution suddenly came to him. It came to him so unexpectedly that he was startled for a moment; then with a whoop that awakened the phlegmatic Mr. Aye from a sound nap, he rushed into the house to put his plan on paper before he should forget it.

It is needless to describe how he perfected his plans and how he sought to make his project a reality. At all events, in six months he was ready to make a practical test of his invention. He had kept his plans a close secret, and no one, except his workmen, knew what he was about. The Bard always was modest, and he did not care for the free advertising he would get if the newspapers should get wind of his intentions.

But in the hour of his prospective triumph, the Bard did not forget his nine old cronies of the bygone days of yore at Notre Dame. So, when all was ready, he sent invitations to them to attend the test and help him celebrate the success of his venture. In a short time letters of acceptance came from the Playwright, the Editor, the Lawyer, the Major, the War-Correspondent, Dr. Frank and Dr. Dick. Mr. Aye telephoned over his acceptance, and all were heard from except the Socialist. But that individual was so busy delivering orations to the down-trodden laboring men that his silence was excusable.

The place selected to make the test was at the eastern end of the canal. It was out in the country in a district where the canal passed through miles of flat meadow land. At this place on the appointed day all the invited guests, except the Socialist, were welcomed on board the luxurious appointed canal boat of the Bard. The boat was tied to the bank of the canal. On the shore were spread great bundles of canvas, steel cables were stretched in rows for a great distance around, and a number of large tanks were scattered about the field.

The guests spent the day of their arrival in inspecting the canal boat and the apparatus on the shore, the use of which they could not conjecture. That evening as they sat on the deck of the canal boat, the Bard divulged his secret to them.

"You remember, boys," he began, "how much interest we took in the subject of tides in the old days of 'Sister Mary' and the 'Committee on the Whole.' Well, I have spent years trying

to figure out how to apply the lifting power of the moon to a practical use, and I think I have succeeded. Those immense bundles of canvas out there are three large balloons. Tomorrow night they will be inflated with the hydrogen gas contained in those tanks. Just before the moon reaches the meridian they will be let go. They will be attached together and will be connected to this boat by two steel cables, each about two miles long. When the balloons reach a height of two miles they will be brought to a standstill by the cables and the boat. Then, when the moon crosses the meridian, if my theory is right, it will attract the balloons just as it does the water of the ocean in the tidal theory. They will be carried along at a rate of about a thousand miles an hour and away we go for Michigan City at a speed calculated to surprise the natives. What do you think of it?"

His hearers were speechless with admiration of his stupendous intellect, then they shouted with one accord:

"Good, good, you've a great head on you, Billy. You deserve a medal. Why don't you get a patent on your idea?"

The Major, however, did not appear to be satisfied and, after making a couple of hasty calculations on his cuffs he announced that the whole theory was wrong.

"For," said he, "let X equal the attractive power the moon exerts on the whole earth, and Y equal the difference in the lifting power exerted by the moon on the whole mass of the earth and that exerted on each individual particle of the earth's mass. Then, as you know, the mass of the moon multiplied by the differential of X and divided by the fourth root of Y, and the product differentiated will equal—"

But here a servant set out a lunch of steaming sausages, and in the general rush for them the rest of the Major's demonstration was lost.

All the next day the Bard worked diligently directing his men and making all safe for the test. By sunset the huge bags were inflated and ready to start skyward. Steel cables held them to the ground, and it was evident, from the way they struggled to get free, that their lifting power was something enormous.

It was summer, and the full moon came up just as the sun was setting. A better night for the experiment could not have been desired. At eight o'clock the Bard and his guests examined all the apparatus carefully and found everything in good condition. Men were stationed at each of the cables holding the balloons to the

ground, who, at a signal from the Bard, were to cast them loose. Finding all secure the party returned to the canal boat and began to while away the hours of waiting, by telling tales and recalling reminiscences of the happy days of '96. The noisy puffing of a tug, which was towing a string of empty coal barges, interrupted their talk for a time and before it could be resumed the entire party was startled by blood-curdling screams from the last barge.

"Help! help! murder! help!" came the screams, and as the party jumped to their feet in fear, a form shot over the side of the barge and disappeared into the depths of the canal. In a moment it appeared and began struggling in the water. "Help! help!" again came the appeal, and this time it was not in vain. The Lawyer quickly rolled up his trousers and gallantly waded to the rescue. Seizing the drowning man by the collar of his coat, he jerked him to his feet and led him to the boat. There willing hands drew them to the deck. The moonlight shone on the be-whiskered face of the poor unfortunate and showed that it was deathly white. As soon as the assisting hands let go of him the man fell to the deck in a faint. Both the doctors rushed to his side and began to work on him.

"He's got la grippe," said Dr. Frank.

"Come off," said Dr. Dick, "he's got appendicitis and we'll have to cut him."

"That's absurd," retorted Dr. Frank, "I tell you he's got la grippe, and quinine and whiskey are the best things for him. Don't you think I know what I'm talking about?"

"You think you do," answered Dr. Dick, "but anybody could see that he has all the symptoms of appendicitis; and I'm going to cut him up."

An open fight was prevented by the patient's return to consciousness. He opened his eyes and began to mutter feebly:

"Down with the landlords! Down with patrons! Down with"—

"Why, its the Socialist," exclaimed the Editor.

"Why, so it is," repeated the others crowding around him. Then the hearty welcome he received, together with the stimulant the Bard poured down his throat, so strengthened the Socialist that he was able to walk into the cabin of the boat, where he was given a dry suit of clothes and a supper of luscious frankfurters.

When he joined the crowd on the deck Doctor Frank at once asked:

"Now, my dear boy, tell us why you were so late in arriving. Did your attack of la grippe delay you?"

"La grippe delay me?" repeated the Social-

ist, "I have never had la grippe in my life."

"I told you so," triumphantly exclaimed Doctor Dick. "It was appendicitis, wasn't it, Socialist? I knew that was what ailed you. You'd better let me operate on you for it."

"What are you fellows talking about, anyway?" demanded the Socialist. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"Then, what made you faint?" said both doctors.

"Why," said the Socialist beginning to get confused, "I—I—was,—well if you must know, I was a little bit hungry. I left Chicago before breakfast and that coal barge didn't run a lunch counter."

"Tell us about the row on the boat," said the War-Correspondent pulling out his note book.

"Well, it was this way," began the Socialist, "I didn't have time to answer the Bard's kind invitation as I was very busy attending meetings of the Executive Committee of the Irish Republic. Last night we finished up our work, and I resolved to try to get here in time for the test. So I hastened down to the dock of the Chicago-Detroit steamboat line and got a ticket for this place. The boat did not start right away, so I went out for a walk on the dock. That line of coal barges was tied up there and I went on board one to examine it. By accident I got in the hold and, as I was a little bit tired, I sat down to rest. I had been up late the night before, so I fell asleep before I had sat there a minute. I didn't wake up till we were away out on Lake Michigan. I heard persons talking above, and I thought they might resent my intrusion, so I kept still and soon went to sleep again. When I next woke we were in this canal. I went to the door of the hold and looked out. I could not see anyone except a little boy sitting at the rear end of the boat. I was afraid there might be some other person around so I laid low. Toward dark I got awful hungry and after awhile I went out again. The boy was still there, but now he was eating a big piece of cake which he had taken from a parcel on his lap. I saw no one else around, so I came out and tried to take away the cake from the little boy—I would have given him something for it—but he yelled, and the next thing I knew a great big, burly brute jumped on me. After banging me around unmercifully he threw me into the raging deep, at least ten feet from the nearest shore, and—you know the rest."

"Poor fellow," murmured the Bard.

"He'll get la grippe on account of that ducking," muttered Doctor Frank.

"I'll bet he'll have appendicitis within a month," predicted Doctor Dick.

But the moon was nearing the meridian, and all turned to watch the final preparations.

The Bard gave the signal; the cables were cut, and with a mighty bound the balloons leaped heavenward. With incredible speed they mounted up till they were no larger than kites. Before the two-mile limit was reached their speed slackened, and when the cables grew taut the boat received only a heavy jerk, and no damage was done. With breathless anxiety they watched the moon near the meridian. How slowly it crept on! Suddenly a great jerk threw everyone from their feet. Another jerk followed; the Bard gripped hold of the cables to steady himself. With a third jerk the boat began to fly through the water. It went a mile in less than a minute. Then it left the water; struck a stone wall; there was a rending of timbers, and the Bard went flying upward at the end of the cables. For dear life he held on. He gasped for breath; there was a great ringing in his ears; he grew dizzy; he let go and went down, down to—

"Well, Mr. William, have you had a pleasant nap?" asked the Professor. The Bard opened his eyes and gazed about him. His nine friends were grouped about him, laughing at him; he could hear the supper bell ringing in the distance.

"A delightful one, Professor," was all he said.

Madonna Pia dei Tolomei.

JOHN FENNESSEY, '98.

Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia:
Siena mi fe', disfeci me Maremma:
Salsi volui che innanellata pria
Il sposando m'avea con la sua gemma.

—PUR. V. 133.

All day long the battle of flowers had waged in Siena. From the overhanging balconies of the houses, flowers and confetti had been showered upon the gay masqueraders. If the passers-by were of graceful form he was pelted by a flower missile, but woe to him if his disguise excited the disgust or laughter of the fair on-lookers.

One balcony was surrounded by an eager, tossing crowd, because from this point the fairest woman of Tuscany overlooked the bright scene blossoming before her. Suddenly she threw a huge bouquet of flowers toward a graceful person dressed as Mephistopheles. He raised his mask for a moment and disclosed the features of one of her Sienese friends. Her

husband, a man of suspicious nature, had seen the recognition. It needed nothing but a sight of the well-known face to arouse his jealousy. There was no thought in his mind except that his wife had proved untrue to him.

The sun had set and the air had become damp and cold. The streets were still crowded with merry groups, but the chill balconies were deserted. Madonna Pia sat in her curtained room thinking of some trivial ball or other when she was suddenly startled. Along the corridor outside she heard the clank of spurs and the tread of heavy feet on the tiles. At the same moment the door was thrown open and her husband, Count Nello, entered with her cloak. He threw it around her shoulders and beckoned to her to follow him. Down into the court-yard he strode and, assisting her upon her palfrey, he mounted his horse and rode through the gate. The rain dashed into their faces as they galloped down the long street, through the outskirts of the town out into the country, and the mud splashed unheeded upon them. All through the long night they rode until the gray dawn had turned into the red of day. Finally he stopped at a wayside inn, but Madonna Pia was too tired to eat and she spent her time in futile questionings. To all her entreaties he answered nothing and then she became frightened.

Again they mounted and rode until his ancestral strong-hold loomed up in the heart of the Maremma. Now the road had become a cattle-path and on both sides stretched the vast marsh. The stagnant pools of water were covered with a green, unwholesome scum.

Here and there upon tufts of marsh-grass lay black water-snakes basking in the sun. Now and then a splash was heard and a turtle slid off a sunny rock as they plashed by. The croak of a frightened frog seemed like a death-knell to the frightened woman...

Although the ride had fatigued Madonna Pia, and the fright had weakened her, she combatted the pestilence of the marsh for a few weeks. Then she succumbed to the attacks of malarial fever, and a new slab of black marble, with a fresh-cut inscription, was fixed in the gray wall of the parish church.

About a month later Count Nello della Pietra reappeared in Siena. Some questions indeed were asked; but his family was so powerful that the disappearance of Madonna Pia was not avenged. But from that day Siena held a man who was not dumb but who never spoke or laughed again.

Varsity Verse.

ART.

Art, the thought and light of ancient days,
The work and toil of noble hearts and minds!
We bow before thy charms, and sing thy praise,
Ennobling man, who elevated, finds
His love for thee to be the bond that binds
His soul with God Who loves the good in art,
For nature shows the Master's loving Heart.

W. C. H.

THE STUDENT BOY.

Penknife in hand sat a student boy,
With his oaken desk before him;
And he cracked a smile of malignant joy
As a devilish scheme came o'er him,
He carved that scheme in the polished oak;
Deep to the heart he stabbed it:
"John Brown," his name, the penknife wrote—
And then the teacher grabbed it.

F. J. F. C.

A SONG FROM HEINE.

A calm night is death;
A sultry day is life;
Night cometh down; I sleep
Weary of day's long strife.

In the spreading tree o'erhead
Sings a nightingale. It seems
That I hear it sweetly sing,
Sing a love-song in my dreams.

J. A. M.

A LAMENT.

In athletics you may be the best,
And in classes far ahead of the rest;
But it's plain to be seen
That you're branded as "green,"
If you hadn't a corduroy vest.

F. O'M.

VESPERS.

The vesper bell is ringing out the day;
The sun is slowly sinking 'neath the sea;
The birds are fluting sweetly o'er the lea,
Flitting light-touched along their westward way,
The warm winds sing; the hills from gold to grey
Have changed their robes. The night bird's melody
Begins to swell and trill in ecstasy
From yon still orchard close her comulin lay.

'Tis evening! 'Tis the time to meditate
Within sweet nature's bowers, and turn our eyes
Upward to God,—to think and feel how great
He is;—to see Him in the starlit skies,
And rise with heart triumphant and elate
And crush the author of our woes and sighs.

J. A. M.

CUPID'S TRAGEDY.

The green buds break; the skies are clear,
And warm breeze whispers: "Love is here."
The last leaf falls; the flowers have fled;
The soughing wind sighs, "Love is dead."

E. J. M.

Landor and his Works.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

Warwickshire is fortunate in possessing two cities made famous by the births of two illustrious men—Stratford, which produced Shakspere, and Warwick, the native town of Walter Savage Landor, who was born January 30, 1775. At the present day Landor does not receive the attention which he deserves. He was "born three centuries too late" and his poems will never be read by the great majority of the people, though, as Dowden says, "an aristocracy of genius and intelligence record suffrage in their favor." Landor himself disregarded popular taste, as may be seen by reading any of his works.

In the thought, expression and form of his poems he is classical, and consequently he appeals to a smaller audience than does the romantic writer. If Landor is a leader among the poets he is even greater in his prose; for, as he himself says: "Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business." Indeed, whether or not he is read by the general public, he must always be classed among the masters of English literary expression. He is the imitator of no one, but has a manner peculiar to himself, and writes as one who always fully understands his subject. Throughout his works there is evidence of wide learning which he must have acquired by deep unaided thought, as he did not complete his course either at Rugby or at Oxford. As regards intellectual range, he is not surpassed by any man of his time. Everything which he wrote is marked by great vigor of style and a masterly command of satire and epigram.

Among his earliest productions are "Gebir," a narrative poem of much merit, and "Count Julian," a tragedy which is marred by abruptness as well as want of proper construction. Although written in his thirty-seventh year, this drama must be counted among Landor's early works, since he lived to the age of ninety and was most prolific in the latter part of his life.

In 1820 appeared the first volume of his "Imaginary Conversations" which, together with the "Examination of Shakspere" and "The Pentameron," is the foundation on which his fame is based. In this form of composition his powers have full scope, and in these productions he gets closest to the reader. Touching the

"Imaginary Conversations," Lord Houghton says: "Of them the best are of the very best, perhaps unsurpassed in any language, and in foreign literature only equalled by Voltaire and Goethe." Stedman remarks that "their influence and charm are undying." In these works, Landor uses good judgment in the choice of situations and characters. What makes them really great, however, is their author's insight into the human heart.

Among the most dramatic of the conversations is that in which Peter the Great reprimands his son Alexis for having fled to the court of Vienna where Peter's brother was ruling. The sincerity and innocence of Alexis are in striking contrast to the overbearing ways of his father, and, as a result, the scene is very powerful. Even in the "Imaginary Conversations" there is too much abruptness, but this is more excusable here than in the tragedies and the poems.

In 1834, Landor published the first edition of the "Examination of Shakspere," of which Lamb has said that only two men could have been the author, "he who wrote it, and the man it was written on." Then, in 1846, he brought out his collected works in which there were many new poems, including the "Hellenics." This last volume is a masterpiece of its kind and is marked throughout by the originality of the writer. Among the most vigorous scenes is that in which appear Menelaus and Helen at Troy after its downfall. There are some remarkable passages in this episode and, on the whole, it is one of the most affecting of his productions. In another part of the "Hellenics"—"Acon and Rhodopè"—are the following beautiful lines:

"The year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,
Of measured pace though varying mien all twelve,
Some foward, some sedater, some adorn'd
For festival, some reckless of attire."

Dowden says: "Nothing quite comparable to the 'Hellenics' has been produced in modern times."

In his minor poems there is much that is worthy of notice, and indeed all of them are full of brilliant thoughts, which, because they are the expression of his own personality, give an insight into Landor's character. Take, for instance, this generous praise bestowed on Robert Browning:

"There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far from him, far above."

Shakspere is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

He was always kindly towards his contemporaries and took great pleasure in paying tribute to their merit. The esteem in which he was held by the men of his own time is very noticeable in their writings. Southey when he came upon a copy of "Gebir," found in it "some of the most exquisite poetry in the language." Shelley, too, was a passionate admirer of "Gebir." Wordsworth declared that Landor was the poet who had written verses of which he "would rather have been the author than of any produced in our time."

As for Landor's place in the world of literary men, there should be no hesitation in putting him among the very first,—at least as regards his prose writings. The contemporary of Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Emerson, and a host of others, he compares favorably with any of them in mental strength. Stedman says that Landor is "the most self-reliant, the most versatile, and one of the most imaginative" of the late English school. And even so cautious and excellent a critic as Lowell, says of him that, excepting Shakspere, no other writer "has furnished us with so many delicate aphorisms on human nature."

A Leap Year Proposal.

A dainty maid is my little love,
With her hazel eyes and dark brown hair.
As pure, she is, as the saints above,
The angels themselves are scarce more fair.

And she loves me, for she told me so,
Last night as she sat upon my knee,
And whispered to me, so sweet and low,
"I love 'oo, Art. Will 'oo marry me?"

Who could resist that dear little maid,
When she lisped that question with a kiss,
And against his cheek her warm face laid?
Not I, my tiny, womanly miss.

So we shall wed, little sweet-heart dear;
Though I am twenty and you but five;
Grieve not; I'll wait for you many a year,
And marry you, if I'm yet alive.

A. W. S.

Book Notice.

EVOLUTION AND DOGMA by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame. (Chicago. D. H. McBride & Co. pp. xxx-461.)

"Evolution and Dogma," the latest work of our distinguished Professor of Physics, proves to be one of the most noteworthy books published in the United States by a Catholic writer since Dr. Shea's "History of the Catholic Church in America" was given to the public.

In the first part of the volume eight chapters are devoted to an historical presentation of the subject, Evolution, from the time of Anaximander up to the present day, to an explanation of what is meant now by the term evolution, and to the presentation and solution of objections against the theory. Part II., as the author himself says in a prefatory note, covers substantially the same ground as his lectures on Evolution delivered before the Madison and Plattsburgh Summer Schools and the Winter School at New Orleans, but the treatment is fuller. A very good index, and a well-chosen bibliographical list are appended. It would be, of course, impossible to give a half catalogue of the vast literature of Evolution, but one would like to see Tilmann Pesch's "Die Grossen Welträthsel" included in the list Professor Zahm has selected.

"Evolution and Dogma" will necessarily be effective of much good. It will show scientists the liberal views held by representative men in the Catholic Church, and it will open the eyes of certain Catholics whose good intentions exceed their learning. There is a class of men in the Church who constitute themselves representatives thereof by virtue of some authority of which the world knows no evidence, and these good people, without inquiring even into the definitions used by their adversaries, attack the foe valorously. They get their ammunition at second hand from devout Italian philosophers who spend sleepless nights in meditation upon the difference between *essentia* and *existentia*, and the terrible errors of Puffendorfius, and the absurdity of that ancient Democritus who is very dead. Sidney Smith said he never liked to read a book he was about to review because it might prejudice his judgment. These volunteer champions of Catholicity take Sidney Smith's joke seriously; they do not read the books they censure,—their assertions prove this strange statement to be true. Because Haekel, the Manselites and others have perverted Evolution to uphold vicious reasoning

against Theism, therefore, say our fighting Christians, Evolution is an invention of Satan. It never occurs to them to investigate whether Haekel is telling the truth about Evolution. If these overzealous gentlemen will read Dr. Zahm's book patiently they will be saved from uttering words which had better be left unsaid. It is really difficult to see why one should be more Catholic than the Pope, yet the Pope has not gone after Professor Mivart or Professor Zahm with bell, book and candle, and both these teachers seem to be rather hopeless Evolutionists; indeed, Pius IX. made Professor Mivart a Doctor of Philosophy as Leo XIII. made Prof. Zahm a Doctor of Philosophy. The Pope is in the conspiracy!

The timid ones do not see the sublime idea that God is able to endow a crude mass of matter with superb potency for evolution into a hundred million forms of complex beauty and power must be a theory infinitely more noble than their own groundless sciolistic theory of particular creation. They do not see that the special creation theory is a mere guess of biblical commentators who surely were not inspired. They would have the Creator work a first-class miracle to lengthen a fly's tail and legs and make a new species by special creation. Professor Zahm draws attention to the fact that St. Thomas of Aquin and St. Augustine held a doctrine directly opposed to this "Miltonic Theory." Yes, Agnostics and Materialists embrace Evolution with delight. They also eat bread. Let us see that we stop bread-eating. A mere amateur in science cannot but observe that Theistic Evolution is too well established at present to be slighted, and it will break no church windows.

"Evolution and Dogma" has been brought up to the state of the question as it existed only a few months ago; even Haekel's last monistic outbreak is discussed. The research of the author has been exhaustive, and the book is one of the most convenient presentations of the fundamental doctrine of Evolution to be found in English.

Dr. Zahm's orderly mind has presented his opinions in a strikingly clear manner and in his usual pleasing style. He has grouped paragraphs and set titles above these sections which aid greatly in summarizing the matter offered.

The press-work is excellent. In a book of this kind it is extremely difficult to get an absolutely perfect text. There are a few proof-reader's oversights noticeable: p. 130, *oreontitae* probably for *oreodontidæ*; p. 186, *columbia* for *columba*; p. 242, *Hercules* for *Ulysses*; p. 348, 8th line from the bottom of the page, *animæ* for *animæ*; p. 405, last line, *physical* for *physical*; and on p. 436 there are several incorrect accents in two Greek quotations.

A. O'M.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We will print no SCHOLASTIC on the 28th. The foreman of our printing shop has solemnly assured us that it is an utter impossibility to put more than sixteen pages into type in a week's time; and we have consented to give him a fortnight for the production of thirty-two. The Easter SCHOLASTIC will be a double number; for ye Eds have decided to foist their portraits and divers "special articles" upon paid-up subscribers, and the limits of an ordinary "SCHOLASTIC" are too confined when eleven Pegasi take the bits in their teeth and go a-galloping. Until Easter morning, gentlemen!

—There are mighty whackers of the horse-hide at Purdue, but the Boswell of the '96 team knows more of the geography of the diamond than of that of his native state. We have always believed that we dwelt within the confines of Indiana; the Postal Guide affected by Uncle Sam has reassured us of the fact, and so we feel safe in suggesting to our Southern neighbors and the Chicago *Chronicle* that Notre Dame is not one "of the colleges outside the State." No, sir! we are emphatically Hoosiers, and we swear —except on press-days and rainy "rec"-days, when no vocabulary is quite adequate—by Wallace, Thompson and Whitcomb Riley.

The Columbians—and Some Others.

There have been wars and rumors of wars—Perrine's comet has not gone unhonored on its way into outer darkness, and sailor-men and the superstitious of all ages have yet another coincidence to note—and the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association caught the infection before it had extended to Barcelona and Princeton. But the men of Brownson were satisfied to wreak their spite upon one another with blunted swords, in a series of carefully arranged scenes, with Ascot and Algiers as a background. After all, a mimic conflict is always the most comfortable for the audience, and it was no little consolation to the men in the parquet and dress-circle to remember, when Mr. Bertie Cecil, otherwise Walter Geoghegan, was in his direst straits, that the Columbians love to see valor and virtue rewarded before the curtain is rung down on the persons of the play. They clung to their traditions last Tuesday, and again proved themselves Notre Dame's best exponents of the romantic drama.

The play was, of course, the principal feature of the afternoon's entertainment, but the musical numbers of the programme were worthy of extended notice. We are always fond, on St. Patrick's Day, of Schlepergrell's "Echoes from Ireland," and it was thrice a pleasure to hear it for the third consecutive time. It was rendered in excellent style. The Mandolin-Orchestra's "La Campana" merited an encore. The first appearance of the University Quartette was hailed with delight and enthusiasm unlimited. Their song, Leslie's "Forest," was the hit of the afternoon, and we are heartily glad of their success.

The Columbians have in their official title another adjective than "dramatic"; and Mr. Raymond O'Malley, '98, was chosen to look after the literary laurels of the society. It was none too easy to make an oration that would be remembered after the play by those who do not carry note-books; but Mr. O'Malley was happy in his choice of subject and view-point, and his oration was graceful, earnest and thoughtful. His delivery, if not polished, was full of force and fire, and he early impressed his audience with the fact that he believed thoroughly in every opinion to which he gave utterance. It was Mr. O'Malley's first oration, and he deserves credit unlimited for the taste and wisdom he showed in selecting his material. We print it in full:

CHRISTIAN IRELAND.

To-day all men give honor to Ireland's great Apostle. All eyes turn to the land of his labors; all eyes moisten at the sight of her miseries. In the history of nations that of Ireland is unique. In the hazy morning of time she was born, but the obscurity of early tradition hides her birth from our view. We must be content to turn our attention to her early childhood and follow her to her prime. When the Milesians found the "Isle of Destiny," the land of their dreams, they found, not a savage people but a civilized and cultivated race.

While Greece was still in her infancy, while Rome was yet unborn, while savage tribes roamed the forests of Britain, Ireland was a great nation. Under the Milesian rule, the island became known throughout the world for its commerce, its learning and its just government. The arts flourished and the people became cultivated and refined. Century followed century—centuries of peace and glory for the land—and powerful dynasties grew up and took firm root upon the soil. Now a great change was to be made in the history of the world. A new power was rising beneath the soft sun of southern Europe, guided to greatness by the hands of the Cæsars. Rome sent out her conquering legions to win the earth. The rule of the Ptolemies ceased; Britain learned to love the Roman yoke; Gaul submitted to Cæsar's sway, but Ireland remained independent,—Ireland alone among the nations bowed not to the Roman.

After Christianity had replaced paganism, and its spirit had entered the hearts of all peoples, the Roman power began to decline, and Caesar's legions gradually retreated eastward. Bands of Erin's warriors followed in their train, terrorizing the neighboring countries and carrying their sons into captivity. On such an expedition one of their chieftains captured on the shores of Gaul a lad named Patrick, whom he carried to his native land. Here the youth remained six years tending the flocks of his master. After he had learned the language of the country and become acquainted with the customs and manners of the people, he escaped from captivity and returned to his native land. Destiny decreed that his stay at home should not be for long. In his dreams he heard the voice of a pagan people calling on him to deliver them from darkness, and with this inspiration he began preparations for his intended mission. Finally he received permission from the Pope to go to Ireland. Being detained in Gaul, on his way, he heard of the death of Palladius, who had been bishop of Ireland, but who had ill success in spreading the faith among the people. He was immediately consecrated bishop and given full authority to carry the Cross into the land of his early captivity.

The success which crowned his efforts is known to all mankind. It was a success unqualified and wonderful. Without the shedding of a drop of blood, a whole nation was converted to Christianity, and in this respect Patrick stands alone among the Apostles of the Church. The Irish people embraced the true faith with wonderful alacrity and fervor. Let us see how firmly that faith was planted. Looking back over the fifteen centuries which have elapsed since Christianity was introduced into Ireland, we cannot fail to be touched with awe at the miraculous effects of his labors; we cannot repress the thought which arises within us that Patrick was a man inspired of God. Where before stood the venerable druid offering his sacrifice to the Sun-god, where men were bound by superstitious rites, and in weird accents supplicated wind and sea and light-

ning, now stood the anointed priest of the true God, burning incense at His altar and chanting holy hymns in His praise. The people bowed their heads in holy dread and reverence, and found a sacred calm in murmuring Christian prayers. Kings and chieftains, statesmen and warriors, the wise and noble, slaves and masters, men of every rank and of every kind, alike worshipped at the shrine of the Redeemer and revered His ministers. Churches replaced the altars of the Druid priests, schools, the camps of the warriors.

From the remotest extremities of Europe, thronged thousands to the schools of Ireland. Men left kingdoms, positions and estates and flocked to hear her masters. Throughout her green fields the stranger wandered, and with the wisdom of her schools he drank in affection for her people and partook of her greatness. In a land thus given to study, the brightest intellects devoted their lives to religion, and little wonder was it that Ireland was called the "Island of Saints and Scholars." From her green shores went forth men and women to bear peace to pagan nations, and her missionaries carried the faith into distant lands. To pagan Britain her pious sons gave the light of Christianity and in all lands was felt their Christian influence.

This period of glory for the Church in Ireland, and in all countries, was to be followed by one of gloom and strife. From the far East came the fierce Turk to terrorize eastern Europe and to uproot the faith in the very home of the Apostles. The savage Dane came from the North to conquer western Europe. England submitted to him, and the Dane sat on the English throne for many years. But Ireland—glorious Ireland!—fought for her altars and her homes during seven centuries, and finally on the glorious field of Clontarf defeated and drove the Northmen forever from the land. Who will forget the glories of that struggle? Who will name its heroes without pride? But on the day of Ireland's victory over the Danes perished her existence as a united nation.

England began now to grow more united; Ireland more disunited. England was approaching greatness; Ireland's glory and power were about to be darkened by a cloud which still hides her. Occasionally she shone forth; but it was a break in the cloud to be followed by utter gloom. A change is coming. Ireland will yet live, and even as the sun seems brighter after the black cloud has passed, she will be greater in her freedom.

Treason gave the English a foothold upon Irish soil; yet for seven centuries Ireland fought valiantly. Had she but been united, on many occasions, she would have been free. Finally she was conquered; doomed to writhe under a yoke worse than martyrdom; to have her fertile valleys made barren plains; to have her hearth-fires quenched in her children's blood; to have her sons banished, imprisoned, executed; to have her mothers murdered and her daughters outraged and her churches made slave-markets! Did Ireland submit to this? No! Ireland did not submit; she shall not submit! While a drop of Irish blood remains, it will flow for freedom; while an Irish heart beats, it will beat for its country; while an Irish tongue moves, it will cry out against oppression; while strength remains in the Irish hand to lift the sword, it will raise it in defense of its home, its freedom and its God!

The last important effort of the people to gain independence is still fresh in the minds of all. United under the leadership of Parnell, they were near the goal; but Ireland was doomed again to disappointment. Her leader fell and with him the union among the people.

During hundreds of years no people have fought for liberty as these Irish have fought. Throughout the great

all to lay the sons of Erin are found; driven from their homes, mourning for father or mother, but still hoping, still praying for the freedom of the old land.

O Ireland! Ireland! blessed by the smile of God, crushed by inhuman tyrants, is not your cup of misery yet full? must you still wait? Not for long. England must fall. Her grasp is growing weaker; her course of infamy is nearly run; her strength is waning. Sons of Ireland, join for the final struggle! Let its glory be yours! Through the way opened by the immortal O'Connell, a leader of the people will yet march. The cloud will be dispersed. Ireland, Christian Ireland, will be free! Free to become a nation among the nations that stand with heads erect under the sky of God.

The play itself was a dramatization of Ouida's "Under two Flags." The plot of the eccentric English woman's novel is so familiar that the merest outline of the argument of the drama is enough for a clear understanding of it.

Bertie Cecil, a Guardsman and gentleman rider, wins a race "in the wings" and comes on to receive the congratulations of his friends and admirers. His brother Berkeley is not quite so fortunate, and finds a pressing need of a thousand pounds to save him from dishonor and the Jews. In desperation he forges a friend's name to a note for that sum and makes it payable to Bertie. He cashes it and vanishes from the scene. The note is presented for payment to Lord Rockingham, but he declares the signature false, and the blame falls on Bertie. The broker prosecutes in spite of Rockingham's offer to settle, and Bertie is arrested but escapes, flees to France and enlists in the *chasseurs* of Colonel Chateauroy, then recruiting for an African campaign. Before Bertie leaves England, Rockingham's brother, Lord Geordie, a lad of twelve, offers him his purse and the sovereigns it contains. Cecil refuses the gold, but takes the purse as a keepsake, and enlists under the name of Louis Victor.

His new life is a hard one. His colonel hates him and loses no opportunity to humiliate and insult him. But Bertie is of heroic stuff, and wins a corporal's chevrons by his gallantry in action. He is the favorite of the regiment, in spite of "Black-Hawk's" enmity. Lord Geordie, Rockingham and Berkeley Cecil make "the grand tour" together, and while knocking about in Algiers visit the camp of the *chasseurs*. Bertie escapes the recognition he dreads, but arouses the interest and admiration of the three Englishmen. Geordie discovers his identity by means of the purse, but is prevailed upon to keep the secret. Berkeley, too, recognizes his brother, but weakly acquiesces in the only course which will save him from disgrace; and Louis Victor remains a soldier of France.

Chateauroy heaps insult after insult upon Bertie, who retaliates, in a fit of passion, by knocking his superior officer down—a crime unpardonable in military life. A drum-head court-martial sentences him to death. An avowal of his name and rank—the demise of an elder brother has made him the head of his house, though he has never claimed the title—will save him; but he refuses to divulge his secret and declines to let his friends reveal it. Rockingham, Geordie and Berkeley strives to secure his pardon, but in vain, and Chateauroy refuses to stay the execution. Then it is that "L'Enfant Terrible," the drummer boy of the *chasseurs*, who has existed, hitherto, only to add to the gaiety of nations and to listen to the confidences of Bertie's servant, Rake, hastens to headquarters, declares to the French general that Louis Victor is an English nobleman and appears with a pardon just as Chateauroy cries "Aim!" Of course, Chateauroy hisses: "Foiled again," and Bertie goes off with his friends to their hotel.

So much for the story of the play. Here is a brief outline of the entertainment and the catalogue of the players in the laconic words of the

PROGRAMME:

Overture—"Echoes from Ireland".....*Schlepergrell*
University Orchestra.

Oration.....Mr. Raymond O'Malley
"La Campana".....*Preston*
University Mandolin Orchestra.

After Act I.

Vocal Quartette—"The Forest".....*Leslie*
Messrs. Fera, Marmon, Wilson, Kegler.
After Act II.

"The Minstrel's Delight".....*Knight*
"UNDER TWO FLAGS."
A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

(Especially remodelled for the Columbians by a member of the
University Stock Company.)

Cast of Characters.

Bertie Cecil, of the First Life Guards, afterwards known as Louis Victor	W. Geoghegan
Berkeley Cecil, his brother	J. Kelly
Lord Rockingham	E. Mingey
Lord Geordie, his brother	{ Master W. W. Scherrer E. Campbell
Rake, a knight of the stables	E. Moran
L'Enfant Terrible, drummer boy of the Chasseurs	W. O'Brien
Colonel Chateauroy, called "Black Hawk," A. Sammon	
Lord Albert, a friend of Bertie Cecil	A. Duperier
Ben Davis, a Welcher	J. Phelps
Poultnay, a money broker	J. Forbing
Captain Leroux	J. McGinnis
Petit Picpon	H. Speake
Pierre Matou	C. Niezer
Jacques Bedeau	J. Ducey
Corp'l Lemoine	R. Barry

As Bertie Cecil, Mr. W. Geoghegan achieved something very like a triumph. He did some very clever work in the first act, and the scene

between him and his colonel, in the third, was the strongest of the play. He was modest and unaffected—as indeed were all the Columbians—entirely natural in his methods and thoroughly in sympathy with his part. His brother Berkeley was an uninteresting sort of creature, half a coward, but in Mr. Kelly's version, he had a gleam or two of manhood in him. His anguish and remorse when he discovers Bertie, whom he thought dead, in the uniform of a French *chasseur*, were represented with no little skill by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Mingey's Lord Rockingham was the typical English peer of the stage, honest and warm-hearted, but fond of his ease. Lord Geordie, the boy and the man, Bertie's impetuous little champion in the first act, and his unselfish friend in later life, was a noble fellow as played by Master Scherrer and Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Moran's Irishman was something of a surprise. "A knight of the stables" Rake was—you could guess as much from his manner and his vocabulary; but Mr. Moran made him more than the usual comic "Handy Andy" who does duty as the Celt of the playwrights. He was the faithful, if humble, friend of his young master, and Mr. Moran's Rake had good taste and a very decent brogue. Mr. O'Brien, the *l'enfant terrible* and drummer boy of the *chasseurs*, was like Artemas Ward's kangaroo, "an amoosin cuss," a happy, careless, irreverent youngster, who was not, by any means, all froth and bluster. Mr. O'Brien was as picturesque a drummer-boy as ever pounded out epics on a tightly-drawn sheepskin. Mr. A. Sammon, the heavy villain of the play, was villainous enough to satisfy the most exacting. His interpretation of the Colonel's character was not marked by the swagger and braggadocio which might have been expected from a commander of a regiment of French riflemen, but it was, nevertheless, consistent and creditable. Mr. Sammon would do better work, we fancy, in unmilitary parts.

Of the minor persons of the drama much might be said if space were not wanting. Mr. Forbing by his clever work lifted an unimportant part to the level of a leading one. Messrs. Duperier and Phelps deserve credit for the showing they made in the first act, while Messrs. McGinnis, Speake, Niezer, Ducey and Barry, "of the Chasseurs," were good to look at and listen to. As a whole, the play was one of the smoothest and most artistic performances which the Columbians have given in years, and the society has again made the Faculty and the students its grateful debtors.

Two Lectures.

On Thursday, Dr. O'Malley left the desolate and awful gloom of the *Inferno*, and ventured to fill our minds with the brighter thoughts of *Il Purgatorio*. The moans and wailings of the lost souls were changed into the comforting hymns of those waiting patiently for the Beatific Vision. Dante—who for most of us is too deep to be fathomed—cannot be made known in one, or even many lectures, but the Doctor by his careful study has more than opened the book and started us into the marvellous tale of the journey through the hereafter. However, he did not lead us into the *Purgatorio* until he had given us a discourse upon the greatness of Dante and his art in comparison to Shakspere's and Homer's, according to Ruskin and other writers. And then we went from the conical mountain in the midst of the great waters to the banks of the sluggish Lethe. We saw the fair Pia and the much-longed-for Beatrice. And by Doré's wonderful pictures—which Father Kirsch projected on the screen—we were all the more carried away from this world into the wonderful conceptions of the master-poet. The Doctor ended by declaring his admiration for one who has not only left us the most beautiful of all poetry, but has also taught us to love truth and purity, and to walk in the way which God has marked out for us.

* * *

The world has always bestowed an unstinted share of praise and admiration upon human bravery; war has ever been the favorite theme of the orator and the poet. With pride do we Americans remember the fine courage which distinguished our national heroes on many a battlefield, and never shall we cease to sing their praises. It is almost forgotten now whether they wore the blue or the gray,—as Americans, we applaud American military genius, American strategy, American bravery.

When, then, it was announced that Colonel Hoynes was to give a lecture on the "Campaigns and Battles of the Civil War," everyone at the University impatiently awaited the day of its delivery, feeling sure that a rare treat was in store for us. Nor were we disappointed, for on Thursday, the 12th, our patience was rewarded by one of the most graphic, interesting and entertaining descriptions of the opening campaigns of the civil war that it has ever been our good fortune to hear. It was especially fitting that the subject should be discussed by one who had

borne himself so bravely and so well throughout those terrible years when the North was arrayed against the South, brother against brother, son against father. Although it was in the nature of an impromptu address, yet so thoroughly was Colonel Hoynes versed in his subject that no one would have imagined that little or no preparation had been made by him. For over an hour he held the unflagging interest of his audience with his clear and concise explanation of the army's evolutions, his glowing and vivid descriptions of battles, and his bursts of eloquence as his heart was warmed by the memories of the deeds of brave men. He made no attempt to outline the whole civil war; he concerned himself rather with the first two military campaigns. After a brief outline of the history of slavery, and the circumstances attending the opening of the war, he plunged into his subject by describing with great effect the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the stubborn defence of Anderson and finally his capitulation.

Then Bull Run was thoroughly dealt with, after which the campaign in West Virginia received his attention, and the reasons for McClellan's being placed at the head of the army of the Potomac were given. Next followed a close analysis of the Peninsular Campaign and the causes of its failure. Although the speaker had no map to show the various lines of march of the Union and Confederate forces, yet so well did he know the geography of the vicinity of the campaigns spoken of, that, from his descriptions, his auditors had a clear picture of the different positions taken by both armies, and of the various evolutions of each part of them.

Obituary.

JAMES J. FITZGERALD, JR.

It is with the deepest grief that we announce the death of our former school-fellow, James J. Fitzgerald, Jr. (B. L. '93), which took place at his home in Muscatine, Iowa, on Wednesday, March 11. The news of his death came as a severe shock to his many friends at the University, who had heard of his illness, but never dreamed of its fatal termination. Jimmie, as he was called in his student days, spent many years at Notre Dame, where he obtained his degree in '93, returning the following year to take a post-graduate course. His admirable and lovable character won the love and esteem of all who knew him. His gentlemanly ways, his manly, Christian virtues and his genial, companionable spirit gained for him a host of friends among the Faculty and the student body, who unite with his sorrow-stricken parents and relatives in mourning his loss. Death came to him in his twenty-third year, just as he was starting out on the useful career his many talents had assured

him. Death is sad when it comes to the young, but the knowledge that it was prepared for takes away much of its bitterness. Mr. Fitzgerald always lived as a Christian and a Catholic should live, and we are sure he is happy now in the eternal home that awaits all who fight the good fight well. The best way we can express our grief for the loss of our friend and comrade is by praying for his soul, and we trust that all the students, those who knew him, and those who have but heard of his model character, will remember him in their petitions to the heavenly throne. In his home life he was as much loved and respected as in his student life, as is attested by the following clipping from the Muscatine *Daily News-Tribune*, of Thursday, March 12:

"Possessing rare intelligence, a fine education and affable disposition, he was withal a perfect gentleman. Ever pleasant, cheery and polite, he was a favorite with his associates, and none knew him but thought kindly and highly of him. His life has gone out in its youth, beauty and promise, and its going is truly mourned by all that came in contact with it."

The SCHOLASTIC, of whose Staff he was once a member, unites with the Faculty and students in extending sincerest sympathy to his mourning family in their great sorrow. May he rest in peace!

Personals.

—We clip the following item about one of Notre Dame's best loved sons, from last Sunday's *Chicago Chronicle*:

"By direction of the President a medal of honor has been awarded to Orville T. Chamberlain, Captain of Co G, 74 Indiana Infantry, for most distinguished gallantry in action at the battle of Chickamanga, Tenn., Sept. 20, 1863. This officer while exposed to the galling fire went in search of another regiment, and procured ammunition therefrom for his own company." —*Sunday (Chicago) Chronicle*.

Former students of *ante-bellum* days will remember Captain Chamberlain as a prominent member of the "Continental Cadets"—the University military company of those days. This gallant company of student soldiers was under the command of Captain Lynch, afterward General Lynch, and when their commander left to join the regular army, his patriotic company of boy-soldiers followed and enlisted under him in a body. Some of these gallant boys met death bravely on the battlefield, fighting for their country, and others, like Captain Chamberlain, achieved honor and distinction by their steadfast loyalty and courage. It did not surprise his friends, who knew the manly, heroic qualities of Captain Chamberlain, that he should thus be honored for his gallantry; the only surprise was in the fact that his merit had so long been without formal recognition.

Besides being a most courageous and gallant soldier, the captain is an honest, whole-souled Christian gentleman. Years ago, while yet a student, he showed his manly, truth-loving

character in a little incident worthy of narration. A misinformed clergyman of Elkhart, the home of Captain Chamberlain, accused the Catholic Church, from his pulpit, of forbidding her members to read the Bible, and made similar groundless charges against her. Captain Chamberlain was in the church and, although not a Roman Catholic, he was Christian gentleman enough to rise and inform the clergyman that he was mistaken, and he proved the falsity of the statement about the Bible by declaring that he had been educated in a Catholic college, where the students were not only allowed to read the Bible but were obliged to do so; for in those days it was customary to have reading during the meals, and the reading at each meal was usually prefaced by a chapter from the Good Book. In many ways has Captain Chamberlain shown himself to be one of God's noblemen, and we are proud to be students of the University that helped to mould his character. The SCHOLASTIC joins with his many friends in extending sincerest congratulations to Captain Chamberlain on receiving this richly deserved honor.

Local Items.

—The name of B. Weitzel was omitted from the List of Excellence for Latin.

—Rev. President Morrissey made a thorough examination of the classes in St. Edward's Hall. He was highly pleased with the work done since his last visit, and his encouraging words have a magic effect upon the Minims.

—The Director of the Library requests to give expression of his thanks to Rev. Alexander Kirsch for some large photographs of the Cathedral of Cologne, and to Rev. M. J. Regan for a medal of the Fort Wayne Centennial Celebration and a "Souvenir of Colorado."

—Mr. Edward R. Walsh, who is the Assistant Manager of the Union News Company in Chicago, is one of the "old boys" who has not forgotten his masters of other days. Brother Leander received from him, last week, a wonderful meerschaum pipe which is a thing of beauty, even though its tints are as yet all of creams. Brother Leander is very proud of his trophy and his reminiscences of Mr. Walsh's school-days are not so colorless as his bowl of fossil foam.

—The distinguished bookman and critic, Dr. O'Hagan, of Canada, who is visiting Notre Dame, gave an instructive and entertaining lecture to the Sophomore and Freshman classes of the English Course Monday. He dealt chiefly with the importance of vocal culture in its connection with the proper interpretation of poetry. The lecturer impressed upon the students the especial value of this vocal interpretation in the lyric. During the course of the talk, the Doctor—who is an orator of ability—

recited Tennyson's "Break, break, break" and "The Lady of Shallott," and Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" in a rich, ringing voice that was delightful.

—Philosophers' day was observed with all appropriateness this year at Notre Dame, as the members of the Logic and Philosophy classes are willing to testify. The festivities of the seventh proved that these Knights of Reason can occasionally descend from the realms of abstract ideas to indulge in something more material. The members of the two classes were requested by Rev. Father Fitte to assemble in the University parlor at four o'clock, and the appointed hour found but few absent, and they then proceeded to the Senior refectory where a sumptuous banquet had been prepared. Aristotle was forgotten, and for a time all arguments were dispensed with while justice was being done to the feast. But the silence was short-lived, and in a few moments everyone was indulging in jolly conversation. It would be hard to say what was discussed. Everything, in fact, from the creation to the present day. The sunny side of life was viewed in all its phases, and occasionally some joke, more appreciated than the rest, would be greeted with general approval. Everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost; and all the boys unite in thanking Father Fitte, together with the Rev. President and Vice-President, to whose kindness they are indebted for their pleasant time.

SOCIETY NOTES.

SORIN ASSOCIATION.—At the last meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, Henry Giffin and Percy Cotter read compositions and J. Bullene read a poem. J. Atkinson, F. Fitter, O. Ehrlich and L. Terhune were admitted to membership. The meeting closed with an address from the President.

THE ST. CECILIANS held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. Mr. Tuohy read a pathetic selection and Mr. Pendleton rendered a humorous declamation in a pleasing manner. Mr. Fennessey read a paper upon "College Societies." A programme was arranged for the next meeting and the society then adjourned.

COLUMBIANS.—"Resolved that music is more advantageous than drawing" was the subject of debate at the Columbians' meeting Thursday, the 12th. In the absence of F. Wensinger who was to lead the affirmative, Andrew Sammon read that gentleman's paper, and opened in favor of music. Then H. Speake spoke of the advantages of drawing and architecture. He was followed by his able assistant, A. Duperier, who traced the beauties and advantages of drawing from way back before Columbus. A. Sammon, having the closing speech, was awarded the debate. Though the judges applauded the extemporaneous speech of A. Duperier they could not favor his arguments. A declamation by W. O'Brien and a "Lost Essay" by J. V.

Ducey, completed the programme. Dramatic representations *vs.* poetry will be the subject for next week—provided the members recover from the dramatic effect of Tuesday last.

THE PHILODEMICS, after postponing their meeting three weeks, at last succeeded in carrying out its programme of original work. Strictly speaking, the work was not all original; but the selection of stories instead of being done by the programme-committee was left to the choice of each member. Mr. A. Gaukler was called first, and he narrated a little incident which he called "The Telephone Girl's First Experience." It was an amusing story. Mr. J. Lantry read "Tonia: A Story of Crime from Poverty," by Ouida. "An Interview with Marion Crawford" was read by Mr. T. Cavanagh. Mr. E. Murphy read "Rudgis and Grim" an interesting story written by Maurice Thompson. "The Comb that did not Calm Him," a humorous story by Opie Read, was read by Mr. D. Murphy. Mr. G. Puls-kamp read an original story. A new solution of "The Lady or the Tiger," by Virginia St. Cloud, was read by Mr. P. Reardon. Mr. P. Ragan narrated a story and Mr. A. Stace read an original story entitled "A Tale of the West." It is needless to say that the evening was pleasantly spent.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its fourth regular meeting on Sunday evening, March 8. Business was dispensed with, and the regular programme of the evening was then carried out. An essay entitled "Peru and Intemperance" was read by Mr. Julius A. Arce. While he maintained that Peru is comparatively free from the vice of intemperance, he pointed out a few of that country's "wee sma'" faults. The Rev. Director then introduced Professor McHugh and Dr. Austin O'Malley. The former gave a pleasing description of habits and manners in India. He pointed to the fact that India has no saloons, and hence the absence there of scenes that to us Americans are too common, and which are the subjects of the severest criticism to foreigners. The learned Professor of Literature then spoke at length on "Intemperance from a Physician's Point of View." In his own easy, unstudied manner he touched upon national drinking habits, turning from the German student's "Kneipe" to the coarse carousing of the Dane, and then to that "strictly American" habit of treating. He showed the subject in an entirely new light. He proved that vice is often hereditary, and the consequent evils that attend succeeding generations through the faults of perhaps a few. His remarks were given the closest attention by the members of the society. The meeting was the most interesting and instructive of the year, and the society wishes to thank its Rev. Director, and those members of the faculty who so kindly contributed to the evening's pleasure.

Has the temperance organization in Carroll Hall become a dead-letter?

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Brennan, Burns, Cavanagh, Eyanson Fagan, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, J. Murphy, McNamara, McGruder, Miller, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Puls Kamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal Shannon, Steele, Sullivan, Slevin, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, Brinker, Blanchard, Burke, Brucker, M. Campbell, Crilly, John Corby, Clendenin, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Duperier, Dukette, Finnerty, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Filiatrault, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart, Hayes, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Heirholzer, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, Henry, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, King, Konzon, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, III., Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, McGinnis, McCarrick, McPhee, McDonald, McCormack, Niezer, Naughton, Neeley, F. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Pietrzynowski, J. Putnam, Phelps, Puls Kamp, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, J. Ryan, Rauch, Sammon, Smith, Schermerhorn, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Taylor, Tracy, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Wheeler, Wigg, Wagner, Ward, L. Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, Burns, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Cottin, Curry, Cornell, Crowdus, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart Franey, Fischer, Flynn, Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Frank, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Gonzalez, Garza, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Hanley, Hunt, Jelonak, Keefe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Langley, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Lehman, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Mulcare, Mooney, Massey, L. Meagher, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Noonan, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Shiels, Smith, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Saul, Sanford, W. Scherrer, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Schaffhauser, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Welker, Wedock, Webb, Zaehnle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Bosworth, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron Blanchfield, Cunnea, Cottin, Cotter, Campbell, Catchpole, Coquillard, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Dowling, Ehrlich, Fetter, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride Mulcare, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Pattee, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sontag Sexton, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, Weidner, Ernst, Waite, Welch, Wilde, Weber, Elliott, Fitzgerald.